



Stalked



67 9 7

Chapter 1 by Belle Adler

I was being stalked.

Not like ha-ha stalked. It wasn't a joke. This was real - and it was frightening.

I was in Ashbourne. Small town, very pretty, very quaint. But I wasn't enjoying the shops or the scenery. Not while I had eyes on my back everywhere I went.

I didn't know who it was. I didn't know why. But I KNEW I was being stalked. I could feel like the back of my hand - shivers of awareness that crept down my spine. Whoever it was had been following me all day - but they were being subtle enough that I hadn't figured out who it was yet. I couldn't go back to my hotel. That would be like signing my own death warrant. If they knew where I was staying, they could easily find out my room number - and I could imagine all too well what would happen then.

So far I had tried to stay in the most public places possible - but that wasn't easy. There weren't a whole lot of people in Ashbourne, especially not during the week, and I was getting increasingly uneasy. It was nearly dark - I had to head home now. Since my hotel wasn't too far away, I had left my car parked there and walked to the shops - an act which I regretted now. The thought of walking to the hotel, in the dark, by myself, with someone stalking me, was less than welcoming.

Chapter 2 by Eloise



I turned around into the night.

"I know you're following me," I said coldly, "and I don't like it. Go away. Or I'm calling the police."

And then I saw a man. A man dressed entirely in black. He gave a small, evil laugh. "Go away? Oh no no no. I'm not going to go away. See more of Story Wars. I go away when I do. Because you'll be dead!"

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Chapter 3 by Hamish Ablett



He continued.

"But I wouldn't want to spoil the fun so early would I? We've only just begun!"

His mouth formed a smile and he bared his teeth. A sight so foul has never reached my eyes.

I turned around, and I ran. And I ran. Until my legs wouldn't carry my exhausted body any further. As I ran, his voice echoed through the streets. It was a cold, heartless voice.

"Your time will come, your time will come". His laugh was a dry, evil cackle, and it pierced through my skull, deep into my thoughts; my conscience, severely underprepared for the stresses that had been placed onto me in the last few minutes.

I looked around, and realized that nothing was recognizable. I was scared, cold and alone. And now I was lost.

In my haste to get away, I hadn't thought about the destination I was running to.

I was panting now, exasperated. The street was unwelcoming; I needed somewhere to rest myself; gather my thoughts.

I chose the first house that seemed slightly safe, and knocked on the door, hurriedly.

An old lady appeared at the door, and relief flowed through me.

"What's the matter, dear?", she said. Her eyes felt like home.

"I-I-I've been stalked, lately, I feel as though my life is in d-d-danger," I stammered, my brain barely registering what was actually coming out of my mouth.

She put her hands to her mouth, visibly shocked.

"Come inside, quickly, and tell me all about it,"

I smiled, and followed her inside her home, looking behind me as I closed the door.

Never let your guard down.

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She told me to sit down, and I did. Just what I needed. Pete, her son, walked in holding two cups of tea just as I was finished explaining the story.

As he handed them to me, he smiled.

Smile.

That smile.

It was him.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



Custom be damned. I grabbed the tea and splashed it directly into his face. His mom recoiled in horror at the screech he emitted, but my onslaught was not done yet. I grabbed a chair by its side and forced him into a corner like a lion tamer without a whip, despite his mother's cries. If I had to spend a night in jail, well, so be it. At least I would be safe behind bars.

"Not so tough now, are you?"

He looked up at me in shock. The smile was gone. Actually, he looked kind of, well..soft? His face had totally changed, even his hair color. What sort of eye magic was this?

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